

C N CALLING

Though I am king, I have no throne
Save this rough wooden siege alone;
I have no empire, yet my sway
Extends a myriad leagues away;
My sceptre, see, it is a pen
Wherewith I rule these hearts of men.
Eugene Field

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

FIVE MEN IN THE TWILIGHT

See page 2

Thursday 2d

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THE DAUNTLESS THREE

See
Middle
Pages

God Intervenes

WORDSWORTH was right not only of our English-speaking race but of every race and every man: they must be free or die.

Those who think universally will see in this vivid line from Wordsworth the answer to a million minds which ask today why God allows the war. The answer is that He does not. He made man free to live or die, to work out his own destiny, and it is man who will pay even with life for his freedom.

We are not to think, because evil things are strong in the world, that God is not the Master Power behind our lives.

The Sense of Right and Justice

We must fit our minds to the thought that God was in the beginning, is now, and ever will be, and that He is for ever intervening in the world. If some dramatic event occurred tomorrow by which there fell from the skies some weapon which destroyed the powers of evil we should think it God intervening, but it would not be more so than the slow upbuilding of that love of truth and justice which will destroy evil in God's good time.

If evil is doomed to fail it is doomed because the sense of right and justice is inherent in the human race. Who put it there? Without this love of justice, without religion, the world we know could not have been. There would have been no civilising generations of peace, none of those great periods of history in which man has sought and found the way the brute has missed. Without this sense of right we English-speaking peoples could not have freed the slaves, could not have founded human liberty. And this love of justice, this faith in something nobler than we know, is the working of the Mind of God in man, God intervening.

The Ways of God

We must not think God is not intervening, because He does not intervene as we think best. If man had been at the beginning of the world the ways of God would have seemed to him beyond all understanding. He would have thought volcanoes stupid things and deserts an appalling waste. But the more a man knows about this world the less he thinks like that. Volcanoes and deserts are vital to us all, spreading the atmospheric dust without which there would be no rain.

All through these years God was intervening, and when at last man came, a puny thing against a mastodon, he brought a new thing with him that was stronger than brute force. It was David and not Goliath who conquered.

If man was born to struggle, his struggle against Nature fitted him to master Nature. The power that had made the earth for man and furnished it for him has not deserted him from then till now. There are a thousand witnesses.

Think of the microbe. It could destroy the world; microbes could have made the earth unfit for man if they had not been checked. Who held this power in leash through all these years? Who holds it in leash still? Think of the electricity with which the earth is highly charged—thousands of millions of free electrons in every square inch of its surface. Who restrains and controls this appalling force, of which all we hear is a thunderstorm now and then? Think of the marvellous and intricate linking of the forces of life, all created things depending on each other, with their varied needs and inclinations all balanced in the scale. Who controls it all? It is the intervention in human life of powers outside the human race.

The Invisible Force

It is not incredible; it is the plainest fact of life. Again and again in history the works of man have been stopped by some invisible force. The powers by which man conquers, by which he may be overcome, are beyond our understanding. Is it easier to believe that they come from nothing, out of nowhere, than that they come from God? God does not work like a conjurer, making the world in six days and ruling it with a magic wand. He has chosen other ways to control and direct the world. He has chosen the simple to confound the wise. We look for fire and thunder, but God is in the still small voice. We have only to listen to His voice and to carry out His will.

He will not fling His thunderbolts about, or let loose floods upon the earth, or send storms and lightnings with messages to man; but He will use the weapons He has made to suit His purposes. He will work through the mind and soul of man.

If men should say to us that it is impossible to conceive a Creator behind a world like ours, let us ask them by what possibility they conceive the world without a Mind behind it.

The Miracles

Let us ask them to tell us how it came about that water happened to have the power of expansion when it freezes, without which life upon the earth would have been impossible.

Let us ask them how it happened that the range of temperature of the air on this planet is what it is, when the difference of

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Old England's Heroes Carry On



Sir Walter Raleigh listening to a sailor's tales



Yorkshire schoolchildren listening to Tommy Crowe of the Exeter

We cannot help linking these two pictures—one of a sailor from the Exeter telling the children of his old school the story of the Graf Spee Battle; the other of the boy Sir Walter Raleigh listening to an old seaman's stories. Tommy Crowe at Tinsley Council School, Sheffield, and Walter Raleigh, sitting by the sea-wall at Budleigh Salterton, span the centuries; but both are of the heroic spirit which knows no time.

LIFEBOAT TRIUMPHANT

THE Lifeboat Institution has given its silver medal to Coxswain George Taylor, its thanks on vellum to the crew at Newbiggin, and its thanks on vellum to the women of Newbiggin, and £76 to the crew and launchers of the Newbiggin lifeboat, for the rescue of the Belgian motor vessel Eminent.

The lifeboat was launched on an early morning in February. A gale was blowing, the surf was very heavy, and the boat was almost overwhelmed

by the seas and had to put back. At daybreak she made a second attempt. She set out at 7.30, and, with thirty women helping, was dragged up the cliff, over the moor, and through sand dunes before she was launched. The launchers had to fight against a gale of sleet and blown sand, but the boat was launched among the rocks and quickly got alongside the wreck, the eleven men jumping aboard her after the fashion of the Navy leaping on to the Altmark.

THE FROGS ARE ABOUT AGAIN

Ponds and ditches have been practically as full of frogs this year as if the winter had been normally mild instead of exceptionally bitter, with a fierce protracted frost.

Out from their hiding last month came the frogs in swarms, some from deep muddy waters, some from holes in the soil in which they had lain snug and secure.

There is an instinct that guides frogs to winter quarters. Given sufficient depth of water, with mud at the bottom, they bury themselves, cease breathing by the ordinary means, and absorb from the water such oxygen as they need by means of their skin. If they have not the protection of mud and deep water severe frost may freeze them through and through and kill them.

These reawakened frogs had not eaten for fully five months, yet they came foodless to the water, and would not eat till they left it with all their eggs safely deposited, ready for the warmth of the sun to hatch them.

A Living Submarine

Frost and bitter winds returned to chill one pond, but the frogs grew brighter day by day, their eyes gleaming like topazes, their croaking rising into a pleasant musical note. The colder the water became, however, the longer they remained quiet below the surface. One that was timed came up after 14 minutes, took one gulp of air, then popped down, to remain this time eight minutes—two breaths in 22 minutes.

The underwater movements of a frog are sluggish in chilly water, resembling those of a submarine. With its hind legs acting as propellers, it fixes direction and depth with its fore limbs. Wishing to increase its depth a little, it slightly lessens its buoyancy by emitting a bubble of air; for further slow diving it sends up air-bubbles in a little chain, and reaches bottom to lie still or crawl slowly about with a minimum of air remaining in its body.

On a warm day, however, the frog is up and down in the water like a bobbing cork, its energy suggesting that of a wall lizard in the sun; its voice is vibrant with energy, and its haste from nowhere to nowhere in the water seems to us as frantic and futile as that of a man chasing the train he has lost.

Sweeping Triumph of Liberalism

It has been a heartening thing to see the triumphant rallying of Canada round the Government of Mr Mackenzie King.

Almost with one heart and voice Canada has sent back the Liberals to power to carry on the war by every means at its disposal. Rarely has a nation spoken so nearly with one voice, and perhaps never in the midst of war has any Prime Minister received such a superb assurance of national goodwill as the Canadian people have given to Mr King. King of their hearts indeed he is, and all the world knows now that this gallant Dominion, ruling more American territory than President Roosevelt himself, is heart and soul in the fight for freedom.

THINGS SEEN

A perambulator blown into the sea at Penarth.

An air raid shelter for animals at St Mary Cray in Kent.

Notice with an unfinished scarf in a dentist's waiting-room.

If you have to wait, would you care to knit a few rows of this scarf?

A robin hopping about in the mouth of an old cannon at Exeter.

Five Men in the Twilight

This is from a letter received from a chaplain at the front.

ONE Sunday, as it was getting dark, I finished the last service of the day in a dug-out where 18 men of all ranks had managed to find room.

I was making my way, rather tired, through a wood behind the front line towards the main road when I saw four figures loom up in the twilight. Warned by a previous experience, I hid behind a tree.

It was a false alarm; they were four of our own men, bearded and muddy, who had lost their way trying to get to the service. They were glad to see me, but said how sorry they were to have missed their Sunday service. "We can soon put that right," I said; "can you sing the

hymn Faithful unto Death?" They could, and our solemn voices, husky with the winter fog, rose upon the silence, as it grew darker and darker. Then I repeated the 23rd Psalm, and, thinking it was to be a prayer, one of the men fell on his knees among the dead leaves, and so the rest of us knelt too.

At that moment several German shells burst over our heads. The sounds of firing and falling shrapnel crackled in the boughs all round. No one moved, but as we separated one of the men said to me, "We couldn't take cover just then, sir—you were in the middle of saying, *Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.*"

God Intervenes

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a few degrees either up or down would end the human race in the morning.

Let us ask them how it happened that the air was made so that a lightning flash does not explode it, when the addition of another gas would have set the earth on fire.

If a wise man should tell us that any man is an aggregate of chemical cells, let us ask him if the cells of a mastodon could have founded the Roman Empire, if the cells of a clown could have taken the letters of the alphabet and arranged them in the order of the Psalms.

There is no superstition so profound, no ignorance so deep, as that which would have us believe the world came by chance from nothing.

Faith of Two Thinkers

We come out of mystery into mystery, through a few years of consciousness, but certain it is that the power that controls the boundless heavens and the rolling seas controls our lives. The science that forbids you to believe your penknife came by chance to your pocket forbids you to believe that the earth became by chance the home of life, and that a speck of matter grew by chance into you who read this.

Two of the greatest thinkers of our time were Herbert Spencer and Charles Darwin, and both believed that the world was created and controlled by an omnipotent mind.

Herbert Spencer, living by sight and not by faith, believed in an active unknown power behind the universe, operating not only millions of years ago, but now and always, transcending human conception.

Charles Darwin refused to believe that life was all blind chance: he looked out upon the world and saw an endless series of beautiful and wonderful forms still

being evolved from life breathed into them by the Creator.

The wonder before which the mind of a man must fall unless he believes in God is that a thing as complex as a watch was made unthinkable ages since, all working in perfect order but with a missing part, and that at last the missing part sprang by chance from nowhere, fitting perfectly. But the marvel of human life is greater even than that.

For we depend for every breath of life on an intricate balance of forces that the wisest man can hardly grasp. Let some little thing go wrong in the balance of this world and man is blotted out. Yet he came into the world and found that all was ready; the whole machinery of his life was running at the height of its efficiency on lines laid down millions of years before he came.

Here are two things separated by vast gulfs of time. They come together and fit as a key in a lock. What kind of mind is it that would call it accident?

Man's Choice

Life marches on. The sun goes its daily course. The moon must shine by night. The river must run to the sea. All these must go their destined way. But for man no path is laid. To him alone among created things the choice is offered between good and evil. He goes the way of life or death.

He must be free or die, said Wordsworth; and it was another voice (James Russell Lowell's) which, thinking of these things, watching the strange sad journey of humanity, said that in spite of all, behind the dim unknown,

Standeth God within the shadow Keeping watch upon his own.

Put All Your Troubles in Your Cargo Boat

THE subject of propellers is taboo among the crew of a cargo boat which arrived in Sydney not long ago.

Their troubles began when they were off Singapore, for the propeller shaft broke and they drifted helplessly until another ship towed them 150 miles to Rangoon. There it was impossible to obtain a bronze propeller, and it was over a month before a temporary one with four cast-iron blades could be made.

But there were not four blades for long. The ship was steaming full speed

from Rangoon to South America when one blade dropped off, and then there were three. Somehow or other the ship limped across the ocean to Peru, where a new bronze propeller sent from England was picked up, but unfortunately it could not be fitted there. They loaded cargo and limped over to Australia, and on the way another blade fell off, and then there were two. The story has a happy ending, however, for finally they did manage to reach Sydney, where all their troubles were over.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

Lord Samuel, who has been visiting Cyprus and the Near East, found oranges 24 a penny on the island and lemons 45 a penny.

After having been in continuous use for nearly nine centuries Durham Deanery is to be closed at the end of April as a wartime economy.

A replica of St Margaret's Church, Rottingdean, is to be built on the coast of California.

Fifteen motor kinema vans are to go on a three-month tour of England and Wales in support of the National Savings campaign.

Mr Harry Baker of Bredgar, near Sittingbourne, has dug up an earthenware crock containing gold coins of the reign of Edward the Third.

Fifty German aeroplanes have now been brought down in or near the coasts of Britain.

Rats have entered the Bodleian Library at Oxford and gnawed the woodwork.

Croydon's Salvage Campaign raised in one week 72 tons of scrap metal, 26 tons of paper, and 15 tons of other scrap.

We hear of an English settler who, having read in the C N that Barnardo's Homes were adopting orphans of the Royal Oak seamen, wrote at once offering to adopt four orphans himself.

Over 20,000 packets of seeds have been sent to women in the country by the Women's Institutes as part of the Plant for Victory Campaign.

The Fordson tractor is being supplied with full electric lighting equipment for night ploughing.

Nearly 70,000 railwaymen are digging for victory on 3500 acres of allotments.

The Guide's News Reel

The 6th Ripon Ranger Company is acting as Fairy Godmother to a billet of 25 soldiers, darning and mending for the men every week.

Randalstown (Ulster) Guides and Brownies gave an entertainment and made £38 for the Red Cross.

A Company of Twickenham Guides, in touch with an East Coast harbour town, is providing clothing for babies and children landed from torpedoed ships.

Oxted and Limpsfield District Rangers have sent two big cases of clothing to Finland.

The Badge of Fortitude has been awarded to Tessa Dawe, age 13, of 1st A Orpington Company, who has been in hospital for many months with infantile paralysis.

The Scout's News Reel

Flight-Lieutenant Philip Longbottom, R A F, who has been awarded the D F C, is a Liverpool Rover Scout.

Kolhapur City in India has had a successful Road Courtesy Week, when Scouts manned important traffic points and crossings.

Scouts in Trinidad are controlling harbour lights and reporting lights visible out at sea in breach of regulations.

Six King's Scouts, changed every six months, are acting as aides-de-camp to the Governor of Victoria, Australia.

Cornwell badges, for suffering bravely borne, have been awarded to Wolf Cub Paul Capon of the 1st Aylesford Pack in Kent; and posthumously to Patrol Leader G. A. Stannard of the 1st Southwolds.

We have received a copy of the bright little magazine sent out by the 10th Enfield Scouts; it is full of good news and clever little pictures.

THE NEW HAY

The process of treating grass to produce a new and better hay is proving exceedingly successful. It consists in cutting grass several times in the season, when about 6 or 8 inches high, and drying it in warm air in a special machine. Thus we make hay when the sun does not shine.

The product, dried grass, is far more nutritious than the usual hay, retaining all the virtue of fresh grass. It is greatly liked by animals. In the green and pleasant land of England it should go far to solve the food problem, ever growing more urgent.

SHAP ABBEY

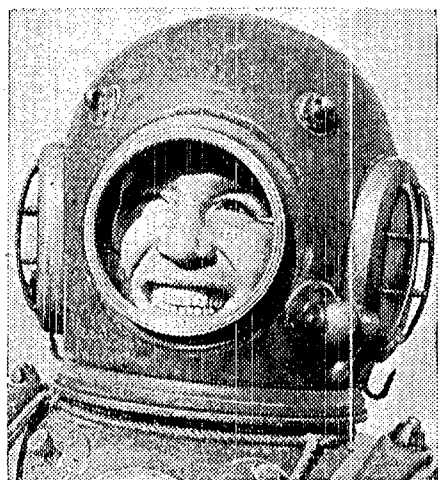
It is good news that Shap Abbey in Westmorland is to be handed over to the Office of Works. It has long stood neglected, and it is high time its stones were cared for. A scheme for partial restoration was set on foot some months ago by a Czech architect who is staying at Shap. After a careful inspection he declared its downfall imminent, and offered to preserve it voluntarily if only workmen and materials could be found.

THE TALE OF A SHIRT

When a man was thrown from his horse in the bush near Winton, Queensland, the other day his dog saved his life. The man was James Donald, and with a fractured right leg he managed to crawl half a mile, but was still 400 yards from a waterhole when his strength gave out. It was 114 in the shade, and he knew he would not live long in the burning sun without water. So he took off his flannel shirt, wrapped it round his dog, which had stayed with him when his horse had galloped away, and sent the animal to the waterhole. It came back with the shirt soaking, enabling its master to squeeze moisture out of it and quench his raging thirst. Man and dog were eventually rescued.

THE OLD BLACKOUT

It seems that the Blackout is no new thing, at any rate in Germany. Someone looking through the city papers of Frankfurt has come upon a reference to the year 1519 in which the people were ordered to darken all the windows of upper storeys because of the threatening danger of war. The idea was thus to make the town more difficult for the enemy to find.



A cheery smile from a diver at the Royal Naval Diving School

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Sow the main crop of beet; in dry weather the seeds should be steeped for a day before sowing. Make the final sowing of broad beans, and draw earth to plants already up. Sow lavender or propagate by cuttings or slips.

Sow seeds of thyme in light soil, or propagate by division. Sow celery for late crops. Evergreen shrubs, such as hollies, rhododendrons, and andromedas, should be planted in showery weather.

A Tale From the Far North

FRANCIS BULIARD had been in the Far North of Canada only a month when he met with an accident.

Walking over the slippery ice of the frozen sea, he fell with such force that the ice broke under him. By desperate efforts he managed to clamber back on to the ice, but the neighbouring Eskimos, snugly tucked away within their igloos, or ice-houses, did not hear his cries for help. He had lost his gloves and felt his hands freezing rapidly as he hurried home; he dare not put them in his pockets as he was continually slipping about on the ice, and dreaded another fall.

When, at last he got back to the mission a brother missionary was just in time to prevent him rushing to the stove to warm his hands. To save him a cold bath was the first essential. After this his circulation was quickened by warm bandages applied to the skin.

The mission station sent word by wireless to the doctor at Chesterfield

300 miles away. The doctor wirelessed back instructions for treatment and urged that the patient should be brought to him at once. It took four days to make the journey.

A week later gangrene set in, and the doctor decided that the only hope of saving the missionary lay in taking the man by aeroplane a distance of over 1000 miles to St Boniface, where there was a fully-equipped hospital. The plane was held up by snowstorms and took a week, and by that time the patient was in a serious condition.

At St Boniface he had X-ray and other treatment. At first it looked as though his hands would have to be amputated, but instead the surgeons made deep incisions into his fingers, which will always be unnaturally thin in consequence. With careful attention his hands improved, and in two weeks Mr Buliard was discharged as cured, and is now hard at work again in the Far North.

INDIA'S RHODES SCHOLARS

At the end of the war two Indian students will be elected to join at Oxford the other Rhodes Scholars from the Dominions and the United States who yearly take their place there. Under the terms of the will of Cecil Rhodes there were German scholars also, and when the last Great War was over they were reinstated, after an interval, the C N being the only newspaper to urge that this step should be taken. This readmission to the commonwealth of goodwill does not seem in these dark hours to have been of much avail, but we must go on hoping; and India, at any rate, will be not unmindful of this small token instalment of independent status.

ONGAR ESTELLE

Ongar Estelle is the most famous cow in our islands; she belongs to a farm at Rochford in Essex, and has produced more milk than any other cow. To give about 50 tons of milk in a lifetime is thought to be exceptional, though 222 British Friesian cows have done this; but Ongar Estelle has given nearly 90 tons, or about 20,000 gallons. She is the only cow in the country known to have yielded 2000 gallons of milk in seven consecutive years, and has set up a new British record for lifetime milk production.

TWOPENNY POST AGAIN

There is a rumour, only too likely to be true, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer intends to raise letter postage to 2d.

Many of our readers are too young to remember that we had the Twopenny Post in 1920, after the Great War. It soon disappeared, but this war is costing us so much that new taxes are likely to remain for long.

When the Telephone Came

WE have received from one of our readers a copy of a School Newspaper published in London by William Collins & Sons (still carrying on not far from the C N office) more than 60 years ago, and it is interesting to find in it an article from The Times telling its readers that a great change had come over the conditions of humanity, for suddenly and quietly "the whole human race is brought within speaking and hearing distance."

Some of its readers, said The Times, might remember the line of telegraphs from the Admiralty to Portsmouth, throwing their arms wildly about while the bewildered clerks were turning over the leaves of their key, or spelling the words. A storm, or a fog, or nightfall,

would interrupt the message, and there it slept till next day, no matter its importance or its urgency.

Now, however, the telephone had come; already 500 houses in New York could talk with one another, and friends on the opposite sides of a broad street held conversations as if in one room. It was time England did something about it, for the time was coming when everybody would be carrying his own telephone about with him, stepping into a telephone office, and applying his own wire to the public wire and talking to his wife. He would pay by the minute.

It is always interesting to read of the coming of great changes, and that is how The Times, on New Year's Day in 1878, told England about the telephone.

ANDORRA CALLING

Andorra, the pocket republic on the roof of the Pyrenees, which since the 9th century has owed allegiance only to the King of France and a Bishop of Spain, has made a step forward in the modern world. It has established its own wireless station 2920 feet above sea-level, with an aerial suspended over a lake between two uprights 410 feet high. It derives its transmitting voltage from the republic's abundant water power, which supplies it with 350 kilowatts.

MORE EMPIRE FILMS

One of the good results of the war is that it is helping us, very late in the day, to realise the value of the kinema as a means of making the Empire known and bringing its peoples together.

At home more films are being made that will speak worthily for England abroad. In the Dominions plans are being made for Empire films.

Canada leads the way splendidly with her National Films Board, for the setting-up of which she borrowed Mr John Grierson from London's Film Centre. Now, having launched a scheme for 20 films about Canada, she is lending Mr Grierson to New Zealand and Australia, where he is to spend three months exploring the possibilities of more Empire films.

Meanwhile Canada is to have the services of another expert from the homeland, Mr Stanley Hawes, who made African Skyway, the film depicting the opening-up of Africa by air. He will roam Canada for six months.

BUSINESS AT THE PALACE

We like the new story told of the King, which shows how understanding he is.

It seems that an important official due to call at Buckingham Palace rang up to say that owing to pressure of war work he would be a little late, as he had to go home and change.

"Don't bother to go home," replied a member of the household; "come as you are."

The visitor found the King in khaki. "I am in my business clothes," said the King, smiling, "and I am very pleased to see you in yours."

STANDARD SHOES

In the third year of the Great War standard boots and shoes were introduced to economise material and labour, and with some success, for over 20 million pairs were sold.

In recent years a bewildering multitude of types of footwear has appeared in the shops, every season producing a new crop of fashions. This is pleasant for the wearer, but far from economic. In 1917 the number of types was reduced to 35, which seemed to offer a reasonable variety; and it is probable that the same saving may be introduced now.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of April 1915

Coke As a Rival to Petrol. There is a new kind of bus in London. The Royal Automobile Club, which is doing all it can to encourage inventors to produce a satisfactory substitute for petrol as a motor fuel, has awarded the prize for 1914 for a surprising invention. It is called the coke motor-bus, and runs by steam. Ordinarily, the steam-buses burn paraffin, boiling water that runs through very small pipes. The new bus automatically stokes itself with coke, and has no paraffin.

Coke is stored in bunkers under the bonnet, and the bunkers surround the boiler, so avoiding wet from rain, and at the same time acting as a sort of blanket to prevent heat from escaping. The coke descends by means of automatic feeders to the furnace.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 13

1940

MASTERS, SERVANTS,
AND FRIENDS

MOST of us will remember the story of Naaman the Syrian, who was healed of his leprosy by the prophet Elisha. It is a wonderful story; but have we all noticed how friendly a household was Naaman's? The little maid was able to give her advice, and other servants could even take the great soldier to task. Naaman had been told to bathe in Jordan, and was angry because there were other rivers much greater than Jordan in his own country. "My father," the servants said, "if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it?"

Was not the relation between them right? In the presence of that mighty man of valour the servants were free to speak their mind. They were evidently devoted to him, and he thought of them not as slaves but as friends.

There is sometimes among many of us a thoughtless way of speaking about servants. Words like slavey are not so commonly used as they once were, but it is still possible to hear them. It would help us not a little if we found out the right way of regarding service and servants. In any society there are some whose work lies in service. But that does not mean that they are in any way lower than others, or that they are to be despised and "kept in their proper place." The household of Naaman long ago discovered the secret of living together in a friendly way.

Or, if we like to come nearer to our time, we can look at Mr Pickwick and Sam Weller. Sam was the servant, and a very loyal one. There was nothing he would not do for his warm-hearted master. But Sam was a free being, and was treated by Mr Pickwick with delightful ease and friendliness.

Nowhere can we find this relation of master and servant better described than in this jolliest of books. The very last lines in Pickwick have to do with "the faithful Sam, between whom and his master there exists a steady and reciprocal attachment which nothing but death will terminate."

Is that not right? Mr Pickwick did keep Sam in his "right place"—one of honourable service yet true friendship.

In the business of life there are all kinds of parts which we may have to play; and we can refuse not only to use words of contempt, but even to think thoughts of contempt for those who have the part of a servant. Such contempt poisons the life of a home, or an office, or a nation. Let us have nothing to do with it.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River.
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world

Story

It is said that there are seven Hitlers, and we do not doubt that when Number One Hitler dies the Nazis will produce one of the other six and say that he has risen again.

OTHER TIMES

It is well to remind ourselves of the history of our country as often as we can. Just a century ago the Government increased the cost of the Navy to £5,659,000, which in 1940 would not buy half a battleship. One M P thought it millions too much, and Lord Palmerston had to rise and defend the extravagance. He said:

Mr Hume has accused the Government of keeping up a war establishment in peace; others have charged it with keeping up a peace establishment in war. My own inference is that a just medium has been observed. Our foreign policy has been attacked, but, whatever its other merits, at least it has that of success, being based on the principle of preserving the integrity of Turkey and the peace of Europe.

The Admiralty has been blamed for suffering itself to be played upon by France, but if France has attempted (which is not admitted) to exhaust our resources, it is only by a still greater expenditure of her own.

Other times, other foes; other figures, other views of extravagance. May the time come when an editor of the C N, looking back to 1940, will rejoice that armaments no longer waste the people's millions.

The Best Line of All

MAGINOT LINE! Siegfried Line! Gentlemen, no line is better than the breasts of the men who defend it. General Gamelin to Allied Generals

The Blind Man's Chain

WE hear a good little story of a series of books for blind folk which is being sent along a chain of sightless readers. Posted (at very cheap rates) in England from one to another, a book passes from this country at last and goes overseas, and the last link of the chain-journey is reached when a blind man in Jamaica posts the book to a hut in British Guiana in which a blind Negro lives.

So knowledge grows from more to more, and so much kindness in men dwells.

Under the Editor's Table

A MOTHER says her boys are so quarrelsome they can't share the same bed. They fall out.

A MAN says he left no stone unturned in his effort to appreciate modern art. Hope he didn't throw any.

A WATCHMAKER has joined the Army. Knows how to mark time.

GIRLS have bigger feet than they used to have. But they won't stand so much.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If groundless rumours cover much ground

THE Government is calling upon the women of the country. Will they return the call?

SOME people always read themselves to sleep. Like to turn over in bed.

It is a hundred years since the idea of the postage-stamp was conceived. Somebody managed to pull it off.

EVERYTHING is different this year. Even the nations have their differences.

Two Empires

THE Dictators never weary of declaring that we own a large part of the earth.

The truth is that our Dominions are perfectly free. We could not own them if we would, and we would not if we could. We gain nothing from them in the way of tribute. The only real uniting link is one of affection.

Russia should look at her own record before maligning us. It has been pointed out that the Muscovite Government was founded in 1500 and that ever since it has been adding to its territory at the rate of about 50 square miles a day. This has created an empire of vast size in the 440 years it has been at work. We do not believe it is an empire based on freedom and affection.

THE BIBLE ON THE NEWS

The Nazi Gangsters

FILLED with all unrighteousness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, spiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things.

Romans 1

The Procession of
Countless Feet

A CORRESPONDENT who has been looking at Mr Frank Beresford's fine picture of one of the most moving scenes of our generation, the lying-in-state of King George the Fifth guarded by his four sons, sends us an impressive note on that pathetic event.

The Yeomen of the Guard and the Gentlemen-at-Arms did duty for an hour or half an hour at a time. They had to keep absolutely still, and the officer in charge had them relieved immediately if they made the slightest movement or swayed ever so little. We believe that one of them did faint at his post, and several of them found it very trying to keep perfectly still with their eyes on the ground, seeing nothing but the continuous procession of countless feet passing by.

JUST AN IDEA

It is strange (and yet how true it is) that a great scene is always more impressive if nothing is stirring; it is not the thunder but the silence that counts.

SEVENTY TIMES
SEVEN

IN these days when many people are inclined to forget forgiveness and to remember things which must be hated it is pleasant to recall an incident in the life of Bishop Paulin Ladeuze, who passed on not long ago.

He was rector of the University of Louvain, and after the Great War its library was rebuilt by Americans, and the architect, Whitney Warren, wanted to put on it an inscription reading, "Destroyed by German fury; restored by American generosity." It was a true statement, but the bishop did not like it, for there are better things in the world than naked facts.

So Bishop Ladeuze opposed the architect because he did not wish the memory of feelings of hate to be perpetuated; and though he had to fight the matter through the courts he won in the end. He was one of those who forgive till seventy times seven.

Fifteen Thousand

FIFTEEN thousand dead
The message read:
Fifteen thousand dead.
But was that really so?

How would God write
Of their heroic fight?
Ah, I think I know:
And His the truth to give:
Fifteen thousand live!

Egbert Sandford

What Mr Wells is Like

WE are sure that even Mr H. G. Wells himself would be delighted with the gentle rebuke of one of his listeners the other day.

Whether we agree with him or not, Mr Wells has one of the profoundest brains in the white man's world, but it was matched by one of the neatest retorts that ever came from the black man's world.

Mr Wells had been giving one of his remarkable talks on the state of the world, difficult to follow because Mr Wells, in spite of his brain, lacks the faith that is a man's strongest possession; and when he sat down a Negro jumped up and said this:

I find Mr Wells somewhat like the man who, when asked for a direction in the street, replies, "Well, if I were you, I shouldn't start from here."

We remember nothing neater in a long life of reading.

THIS KIND WORLD

IT is good to be able to keep up in these days this heading that has so often appeared in the C N.

There is a lot of kindness in the world, one of our friends has just written to us; I came across a bit the other day. A lady, a widow, has made a brave struggle and got together a nice little business, and she has now been stricken with an illness and is in a nursing home. For years a friend has helped her with the business side of it, starting quite by chance, but giving a good bit of time, help, and advice, all along. He is now taking over all responsibility for the business so that the poor widow's mind is at rest; and as for the good man himself, her gratitude and trust in him is a real reward to one of such a fine nature.

April 13, 1940

The Children's Newspaper

5

Boy's Song

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know: I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

James Hogg

Soaring Towards Heaven

MANY men build as cathedrals
were built—the part nearest the
ground finished but that part which
soars toward heaven, the turrets and
the spires, forever incomplete.

Henry Ward Beecher

LUCKY IS HE

LUCKY he who has been educated to
bear his fate, whatsoever it may be,
by an early example of uprightness and
a childish training in honour.

Thackeray

Oh, to be in England

OH, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the
brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny
leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the
orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the
swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear tree
in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the
clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent
spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each
song twice over
Lest you should think he never could
recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And, though the fields look rough with
hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes
anew
The buttercups, the little children's
dower,
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-
flower!

Browning

THE GREAT TRUTHS

WE hold these truths to be self-
evident: that all men are created
equal; that they are endowed by their
Creator with inalienable rights: that
among these are life, liberty, and the
pursuit of happiness.

American Declaration of Independence

The Crime of Being Careless

It is more from carelessness about
truth than from intentional lying
that there is so much falsehood in the
world.

Dr Johnson



CARRY ON



POOR RICHARD'S ADVICE FOR HARD TIMES

Poor Richard's Almanack was published for 25 years by Benjamin Franklin. One of its famous chapters is a summing-up of Poor Richard's homely counsel, given here in the form of a talk by an old countryman.

I STOPPED my horse lately where
a great number of people were
collected at an auction.

The hour of the sale not being come,
they were conversing on the badness
of the times, and one of the company
called to a plain, clean old man with
white locks, "Pray, Father Abraham,
what think you of the times? Will
not these heavy taxes quite ruin the
country? What would you advise us
to do?"

Friends (says he), the taxes are
indeed very heavy; and if those
laid on by the Government were the
only ones we had to pay we might
more easily discharge them; but
we have many others, much more
grievous. We are taxed twice as
much by our idleness, three times as
much by our pride, and four times as
much by our folly.

It would be thought a hard govern-
ment that should tax its people one-
tenth part of their time to be employed

in its service; but idleness taxes many
of us much more: sloth, by bringing
on diseases, absolutely shortens life.
Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than
labour wears, while the used key is
always bright, as Poor Richard says.
But dost thou love life, then do not
squander time, for that is the stuff life
is made of. How much more than is
necessary do we spend in sleep, for-
getting that the sleeping fox catches no
poultry.

If time be of all things the most
precious, wasting time must be, as
Poor Richard says, the greatest
prodigality, since lost time is never
found again. Let us then up and be
doing. Sloth makes all things difficult,
but industry all easy, and he that
riseth late must trot all day and shall
scarce overtake his business at night,
while laziness travels so slowly that
poverty soon overtakes him.

Three removes are as bad as a fire.
Keep thy shop and thy shop will
keep thee. A little neglect may
breed great mischief. For want of a
nail the shoe was lost; for want of a
shoe the horse was lost; and for
want of a horse the rider was lost,
being overtaken and slain by the
enemy—all for want of a little care
about a nail.

The Rapids Are Near and Daylight Past

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars
keep time.
Soon as the woods on the shore look dim
We'll sing at St Anne's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's
past.

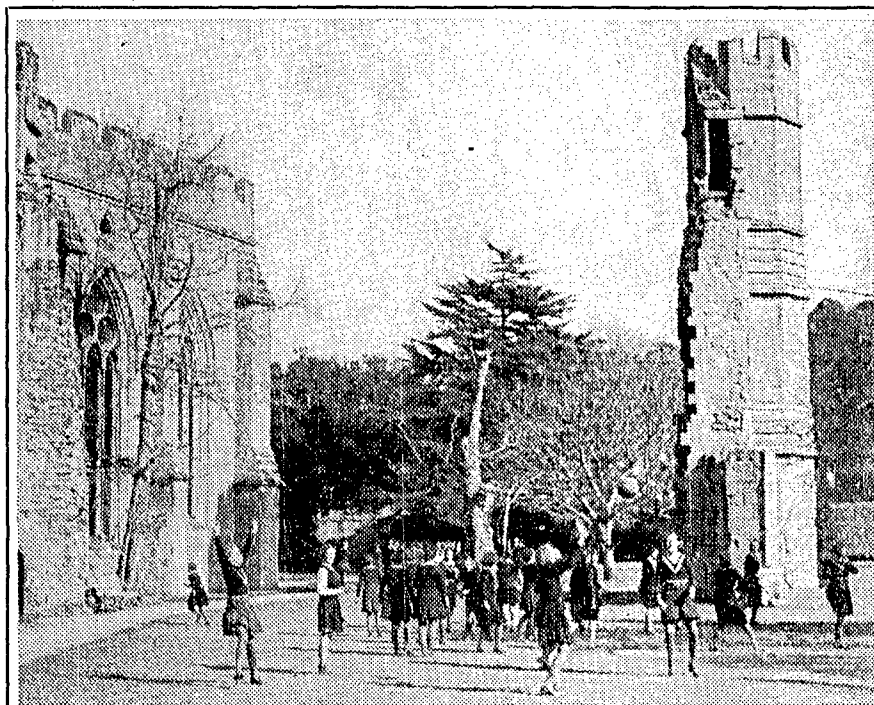
Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to
curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.

Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs
fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's
past.

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring
airs!

Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's
past.

Canadian Boat Song, by Thomas Moore



EVACUATED SCHOOLS—9

Girls of St Brandon's School, Bristol, at play on the lawn of the Bishop's Palace at Wells in Somerset. The Bishop of Bath and Wells has given over most of the rooms in his palace to St Brandon's School.

Let There Be Light

LET there be light! proclaimed the
Almighty Lord.
Astonished Chaos heard the potent word.
Through all his realms the kindling ether
runs,
And the mass starts into a million suns;
Earths round each sun with quick
explosions burst,
And second planets issue from the first;
Bend, as they journey with projectile
force,
In bright ellipses their reluctant course;
Orbs wheel in orbs, round centres centres
roll,
And form, self-balanced, one reluctant
whole;
Onward they move amid their bright
abode,
Space without bound, the bosom of their
God.
Written by Erasmus Darwin
in the Eighteenth Century

IN LETTERS OF GOLD

OVER the doors of every school of
art I would have this one word,
relieved out in deep letters of pure
gold—Moderation.

John Ruskin

Like Some Majestic Tower

MAZZINI! like to some majestic
tower,
On which the everlasting stars do sit,
While the unconquered heaven bends
over it,
And ocean shouts below with giant
power,
Thou standest, while the people gather
fast,
Thrilled by thy words that strengthen
and inspire,
And burning like a forest all on fire,
That flares and shakes beneath the
thundering blast.
Silent and strong thou standest ever-
more,
Worthy of honour in all time to come,
Whether thou teach a wise and noble
lore
To wandering children in an exile's
home,
Or clothe with fear and splendour, as
of yore,
The City of the World, the people's
Rome.
Wathen Mark Wilks Call

Sayings From the Psalms

THE Lord is my light and my salvation;
whom shall I fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life;
of whom shall I be afraid?
This poor man cried, and the Lord
heard him, and saved him out of all his
troubles.
The young lions do lack and suffer
hunger, but they that seek the Lord
shall not want any good thing.

To Understand is to Forgive

IF we could read the secret history of
our enemies we should find in
each man's life sorrow and suffering
enough to disarm all hostility.

Longfellow

FAITH IN GOD

SPIN carefully,
Spin prayerfully,
Leaving the thread with God.

Writer unknown

He May Be Your Friend

INFLECT not on an enemy every injury
in your power, for he may afterwards
become your friend.

A Persian writer

PEARLS

THE artist is the fabled child of
popular legend, whose tears are
all pearls. Alas! his wicked step-
mother, the world, beats the poor child
the more unmercifully in order that he
may weep plenty of pearls.

Heine the German

Nothing Could Defeat This Dauntless.

THE WONDROUS TALE THAT GOES FOR EVER DOWN THE CORRIDOR

We hear much of the hard lot of Youth today, and life is hard in a world that has become so cruel. But it will hearten us, perhaps, to think of three sisters who found it hard long ago and triumphed over miseries unthinkable today. They were the Brontë sisters, and theirs is the most romantic story in the world. One of our travelling correspondents has just been to their village, and he sends us this story as he was moved to write it with the scene fresh in his mind.

AN unlovely place to which all pilgrims come, Haworth has a house to see that has sent a wondrous tale down the corridors of time. It is the home of as tragic a story as ever was told in fiction or in fact.

We may think some sordid streak of fate made this grim place, knowing what was coming, for Haworth fits its story. It is a depressing place, set in the vast and terrible solitude of the moors, with a long street climbing to the churchyard high above the roofs. This churchyard, with the church and the parsonage looking on it from their windows, is all that counts in Haworth.

Charlotte, Emily, and Anne

But it is enough, for here lies Charlotte Brontë with her sister Emily, and in this house they lived out their lives with hearts that were breaking almost every day. They, with Anne, were surely the most heroic three sisters who ever found their way to immortality, and the walls of this house, if they could speak, would thrill us with tales of imagination and histories of lives perhaps unequalled in our annals.

It is here that we must come if we would understand the Brontës. We must see this melancholy place that they have put for ever into literature. We must see these mills and houses and climb the steep and narrow street up which long ago came Patrick Brontë with his Cornish wife, their six children, and seven cartloads of furniture.

They arrived at the parsonage, and perhaps the children fresh from Cornwall may have been thrilled by the sight of the moors about them. They have a touch of beauty when the heather is out, but for most of the year they are vast wastes scarred with black quarries, littered with rocks, brown with a coarse grass, and unspeakably lonely. Behind their home at the parsonage they would soon find the rough track they were to tread down so often when they would escape to the moors to forget the tragedy of life. In one of the glens is a waterfall known by their name today; they loved to come to it, first three, then two, then only one.

Haworth and Its Church

Between these lonely moors and the busy valley down below stands Haworth with the church, the parsonage, and the inn clustering about the churchyard in an unlovely mess at the top of the street. The church must disappoint us, for it is not the church they knew; only its tower is old, and as they saw it. It is a bitter thing that the old church should have gone, with all its loveliness and its human appeal. Here we have little to see except an alabaster pulpit, a 17th century Bible, a silver chalice of



Charlotte Brontë

Shakespeare's day, a window of the Acts of Mercy put here by an American admirer of Charlotte, and an inscription with the names of the eight Brontës who came to Haworth on that day in 1820: Maria, the frail mother who pined for her Cornish home; little Maria and her sister Elizabeth, who slipped away as children; Branwell, the drunken ne'er-do-well; delicate Anne who sleeps at Scarborough; Emily with her brilliant genius and dauntless courage; Charlotte the incomparable; and the strange, melancholy father who outlived them all and would sit alone by the fire at the parsonage toward the end of his 41 years there, thinking.

A House of Pilgrimage

The parsonage overlooks the churchyard, a depressing spectacle enclosed with iron railings, with a few trees shading a wilderness of black grave-stones (hundreds of them lying flat on the ground). Never have we seen a more disheartening sight. A Haworth boy who lived to be a knight (Sir James Roberts) bought the house for the Brontë Society, and a new wing has been added and some changes made indoors. But we see the rooms much as the sisters knew them. It is a simple stone house with a small garden at the front, cold stone floors, and six or seven rooms; a home of suffering and struggle, but for ever a house of pilgrimage for all who cherish the thought of these sisters whose spirit could not be quenched but whose genius burned intensely like a fire and died down quickly.

A door on the right in the narrow hall brings us to Patrick Brontë's room, where he took his meals alone. It has an old-fashioned piano with little shelves for candles, and the couch on which Emily died. Also off the hall is the room in which the children spent

half their days; in it is the table round which they marched hour after hour telling stories and reciting poems. Here is the kitchen in which the old Yorkshire servant Tabby spent most of her life, and upstairs is a tiny room (nine feet by five) which the girls used as their nursery, in which they would spend the few happy hours they knew.

For thousands of people there will not be any room in England more appealing than this. This little nursery has in it the cradle in which the three sisters were rocked to sleep, and on the walls are pictures painted by them, and their faint pencil scrawls. It was this room of which Charlotte wrote long afterwards:

Pen cannot portray the deep interest of the scenes I have witnessed in that little room with the low narrow bed and bare whitewashed walls. There have I sat on a bedstead, my eye fixed on the window, through which appeared no other landscape than a monotonous stretch of moorland, a great church tower rising from the churchyard so filled with graves that the rank weeds and coarse grass scarce had room to shoot between the monuments.

Friendly, Intimate Things

The rooms are full of intimate small things, many of them brought back to their old home from distant parts of the world. Here is the lamp which threw its light on the manuscript of Jane Eyre and Wuthering Heights as they were being secretly written in the long dark hours. Here is the temperance pledge that Branwell signed in a moment of high resolve which he could never sustain for long. Here is Emily's mug with her name on it in gold letters. There is a picture of her dog Keeper, and Keeper's collar.

Emily's rosewood writing desk has in it the letters and newspaper cuttings as she left them; and here is the comb which fell from her hand when she died, a tea-cosy worked by Charlotte, and a sampler she embroidered, with the alphabet and a text. Charlotte's workbasket is as she left it, with the silks and reels as she arranged them, and there is a lock of her hair, her drawing of a squirrel, and a tea-caddy she made. A tiny magazine with 12 pages of microscopic writing has been preserved, one of their first literary enterprises, and there is a painting of Anne's dog Floss. It is all as if the Brontës had been here yesterday, so friendly seems the touch of these small and very intimate things.

The First Shadow

Sad as are the memories haunting us in this grim house, we like to think that perhaps there was some merriment in it in the spring of 1820, with little feet pattering over the cold stone floors and children laughing. The first shadow came when the mother died, longing for the sunshine of the Cornwall she loved but killed by the winds and fogs from the moors. Aunt Elizabeth came up from Cornwall to look after the children, but they were shy with her and she never understood them; never had they an understanding soul about them, for Tabby was too busy scrubbing and polishing

to find time for stories, and the father was becoming daily more and more forbidding and melancholy, shutting himself up for hours, and terrifying them at times by firing his pistol into space. The pistol is here for us to see.

So more and more the sisters were left to themselves, telling tales, writing stories, making books and magazines, and painting pictures of things they had not seen. Their notebooks and diaries and their miniature volumes are here for us to see.

Schooldays brought little joy and much misery for them. Elizabeth and Maria wept when they were sent to a school for poor clergymen's daughters, and there within a few months they drooped and died. After that the faces of the three sisters peeped from the parsonage windows into the churchyard, where slept two more Brontës.

We think of Charlotte and Emily waving goodbye to their father as they set off with anxious hearts for Miss Wooler's school at Roe Head over the hills; Emily was so unhappy there that she quickly came back, and in this moorland air would write in secret night after night the stories and poems that move us so strangely now. All along there had been little money to spare, and presently Charlotte, Emily, and Anne decided that there must be more money coming in if Branwell was to be a famous artist. They loved him in spite of himself. Emily nearly killed herself working 17 hours a day for a pittance she gladly gave him; Charlotte humbled herself by submitting to ill-treatment which almost broke her spirit; and Anne suffered for him untold misery as a governess at Little Ouseburn, where she was joined by Branwell after his studio at Bradford had failed. All three gave themselves for this most wretched good-for-nothing.

At last they resolved to start a school to make enough money to give him a new chance. There was a room at the parsonage, and a school would mean that they could be together and go up to the moors when they liked. Charlotte and Emily went to Brussels to learn languages, but Emily, weaker than ever, came home to help Tabby to manage the house, for Aunt Elizabeth had died. At last all was ready; the school was to be opened. Eagerly and with high hopes the three sisters drew up a circular, which we may read; it is one of the most pathetic things here. We read of their promising school for young ladies, and feel that a crowd of parents should have come hurrying up the hill; but no one came. All their longing, their travelling, their struggling, their waiting, was in vain.

So the shadows thickened round them; every day despair and ruin



Emily

Three

DRS OF TIME

were round the corner. One day Charlotte peeped into Emily's rose-wood writing desk (as we may do) and found a bundle of poems. Emily was angry, but the other sisters brought their poems to light, and they decided to make a collection and print a volume of their best. They paid £31 to have a little book printed and published. It gave them new hope to do it, and they were confident of success. It is heartbreaking to see this slim volume among these books, and to think how, day after day, week after week, the three sisters watched at the parsonage windows for a messenger coming with news of their book. But no one came. They heard nothing of it, and there were no reviews. Only two copies were sold.

Undaunted and undefeatable, they turned from poems to stories. Emily, paler every morning and wearier every night, poured out her secret passion into *Wuthering Heights*, Anne wrote *Agnes Grey*, and Charlotte *The Professor*. They sent them with high hopes and beating hearts to publishers, but all the manuscripts came back. It was almost too much for them. Their health was failing. Their walks on the moors became shorter and rarer. Tabby was a cripple and hard to get on with, the father was aloof from the world, and Branwell was insufferable, an offensive brute. But Charlotte kept on. When the long day was done she would go to bed, not to sleep, but to write with an aching head and a heavy heart, and one day she sent secretly to the publishers the manuscript of *Jane Eyre*.



Anne

Currer, Agnes, and Acton Bell

It was the miracle at last, for it was published, and leapt into instant fame. Nobody knew who the author was, for it was supposed to be written by Currer Bell; but the publishers were delighted to follow it with *Wuthering Heights* by Agnes Bell, and *Agnes Grey* by Acton Bell. None but these three knew that there were no such people as the Bells. None of the great people in London, the famous writers who discussed these books, guessed the tragic truth behind them. Not even in the parsonage was it known except to the sisters themselves.

But there came a day when the heads of a great publishing house in London were astounded to see walking into their room a shy little timid woman, no taller than Queen Victoria, who explained that she had written the book of which everybody was talking. It was the beginning of an exciting time for Charlotte, who was introduced to Dickens, Thackeray, and a host of others; was taken round to plays and to dine with famous folk; yet was all the time unspoiled and longing to be home again. Success

had come, the sun shone on the parsonage. But the shadows were crowding back. There was no fear of poverty now. They could laugh now and then to think of the days when they were struggling to make a little money for Branwell. But his degraded life soon ended. In three months they laid Emily beside him in the churchyard. Her dog Keeper lay on her grave for three days.

It was hard for Emily to die, but death came like its twin sister sleep to gentle Anne. Emily's passing had been too much for her, and in the cold spring of that winter she died by the sea at Scarborough, Charlotte alone with her, leaving behind one poem that Matthew Arnold said was a clarion call. Only Charlotte was left.

One winter's day her father's curate Arthur Nicholls came into the dining-room, where she sat alone. He was trembling from head to foot, and asked her to marry him. She asked him to wait till the next day, and her father said the answer must be No.

One Summer's Day

The curate decided to leave the parish, but after a year Patrick Brontë found that he could not endure the new curate and called Nicholls back, and Charlotte was allowed to marry him on condition that they lived in the parsonage and looked after the vicar. When the wedding day came the father refused to go. Charlotte had been his stay for a generation. She had struggled with a breaking heart to keep him; she had given up her husband at his bidding until he called him back for his own selfishness; and on that summer's day (it was June 29, 1854) when Charlotte dressed herself in a white muslin dress and a white lace mantle and a bonnet trimmed with green leaves to go to the church for her wedding Patrick Brontë would not go, and Charlotte's old teacher gave her away. The villagers said she looked like a snowdrop, and snowdrops are short-lived flowers.

A few more months and her life was done. "I am not going to die, am I?" she whispered to her bridegroom. "He won't separate us now—we have been so happy." But it was over. Patrick Brontë was alone with his curate in this dark house, for Tabby had died, blind and broken. Arthur Nicholls stayed on with him, and when he was carried to his grave not a Brontë was left to mourn for him from all that procession that had come up the hill 41 years before.

Strength Through Suffering

Perhaps if delicate little Mrs Brontë had insisted on returning to the warm West Country, if her children had not been brought up in this stone cold house with these miserable graves around them and the solitary moors behind, if this hard and sullen Irishman had understood delicate children and women better, or if his son had had a little manliness, the Brontë sisters might have known long life and happiness instead of short life and misery and immortality. Out of their sufferings came the strength that made their books. We cannot tell whether they would rather have been happy than great, but we know that through ages to come the memory of these three will be like a bright star that shines alone on a winter's night.

Land Scout and Sea Scout



A Scottish Scout who has been in camp near Lake Windermere carrying wood used in camouflaging his tent



A Sea Scout of the River Emergency Service boarding a vessel for patrol duty

Diamonds From the Sky

*Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.*

Black diamonds found in the Arizona desert fell from the sky, descending with the immense meteoric stone, like that which fell in Siberia a few years ago.

The Siberian stone devastated marsh and forest; the Arizona mass, crashing in a desert unnumbered years ago, dug a hole known as the Meteor Crater, and scattered fragments of itself far and wide.

It is among these fragments that the black diamonds have been found, and though their claim to be diamonds was at first disputed it has at last been established beyond dispute. They are not very valuable or ornamental, but they are very hard, and can be used in manufacture.

When these small fragments were first heard of borings were made to find a big diamond. They failed. Nothing more precious was found than water at a great depth. The skies had no higher gift to bestow on Arizona.

Nature Red in Tooth and Claw

A C N friend sends us this note from Yorkshire.

I was in the country when I witnessed a remarkable battle. Crossing a field on the sunny side of a wood I came upon a weasel darting forward to catch a mouse, killing it instantly.

At the same time a hawk, which had been hovering overhead, swooped down, made a fierce attack on the weasel, and succeeded after a sharp fight in clutching it with its bill and talons and flying off with it. In the struggle the weasel let go its hold of the mouse, and after half a minute succeeded in wriggling its head free and biting the hawk in the throat; and the next moment both creatures fell to earth. When I arrived at the spot they were dead.

He Sleeps Among Friends

In a deserted village in France, almost in the shadow of the Maginot Line, we may come upon a cemetery where sleep many French peasants, humble folk who, like their fathers and grandfathers, lived within a mile or two of their present resting-place.

In this kindly spot, though overshadowed by war, lies Corporal Friday of the King's Own Shropshire Light Infantry, believed to have been the first British soldier to be killed in action in this war.

He met his death in No Man's Land on December 12, and his grave is marked by a wooden cross.

NEWS DICTIONARY

Bonded Warehouse. The Government has restricted the amount of tobacco and other goods which may be taken out of a bonded warehouse. This is a building in which an importer may keep goods on which he has not yet paid the customs duty to which they are liable, and thus save money until his goods are actually needed for sale. Bonded warehouses are under the supervision of the revenue officials, and their owners have to give a bond for a big sum and take out a licence.

Denim. This is the name of the light cotton fabric from which the summer battle dress of our soldiers is being made. It is lighter than the woollen cloth now used, but heavier than the cotton drill worn by troops serving in the East.

Staggered Holidays. This is the term used for the spreading of the holiday season over a longer period than usual. Staggered is a technical word implying an alternating arrangement, as of rivets.

THE WAR NOT LIKE ANY OTHER

We are indebted to The Times for this translation of a leading article printed in the Malay language in a newspaper of Singapore, and we think our readers will much enjoy it.

BEFORE this war started Hitler and his friends got ready all kinds of things of war, like rifles, guns, aeroplanes, and tanks.

He said to his Germans, Guns before butter. If a man asked for butter the Gestapo detectives killed him. In this way the Germans were frightened to talk, even though their stomachs were empty, but, you see, they were frightened of being killed. In this way the German country became very strong. Then, when one man met another, the two of them did exercises at each other, and said, Heil Hitler. The German soldiers' hearts became very high and proud, and they were very happy walking about like geese.

But in England it was a different thing. When Tuan Chamberlain finished his work, he was very happy trying to catch the fish trout and the red fish in the river Scotland, or walking in Hyde Park with his wife and umbrella. He was not happy stirring up other countries. He was a quiet man. The English people were not warlike, either. They were happy watching football, horse racing, playing darts in the public-house, and paying their income-tax. Ribbentrop went back to Germany, and said to Hitler that all the English were like women; their bodies were not strong. When Hitler heard the news he became very brave. He asked for Czecho-Slovakia.

At that moment Tuan Chamberlain was just about to catch a red fish very big; but when he heard that Hitler wanted to pick up another country, he ran very hard to an aeroplane and went up in the air, to the house high

up, to drink tea with Hitler. Three or four times he flew in that way. But Hitler was a big untruthful man, he was always breaking his agreements. Goebbels was very clever also, talking wind on the radio. If there was one German sick with toothache in Czecho-Slovakia, he said that there were there 1000 Germans dead. In this way the German hearts became very hot.

Hitler was then quiet for three weeks, but then in the month of August he got up again, asking for Danzig. Then Goebbels talked louder wind on the radio. Then Tuan Chamberlain could not stand it any more. He threw away his umbrella and bought a walking-stick. Also, all his fishing finished. The English and the French came to an agreement to help each other if the Germans went into Poland, but Hitler thought we were making bluff, and talking playful things, and he then went into Poland. In this way the war started. It was easy to take Poland, because the men there had not enough war things.

The war on the sea has not developed strongly because the Germans have not many ships, but the English ships are so many that you cannot count them. At the beginning of the war the Germans had three pocket battleships and 60 fish ships (submarines). At the moment the Germans have lost one pocket battleship; it sank itself in the South Atlantic because it was frightened of fighting with three British waistcoat-pocket battleships. Of the fish ships, threequarters are finished. Tuan Churchill has captured them.

This is not like any other war. The Battle of Waterloo was easy; you shot once; if you died you were buried; if you lived you came home; that was the end, quickly. The Americans say this is a cock-eyed war. It is true, also.

Cast Your Bread Upon the Waters

IT was a very excited man who waited at the airport in Sydney not long ago for the Brisbane aeroplane to come in. He was waiting for Mother, whom he had not seen for eight years.

Many years ago, when Sprottles Grievson was a young cadet, he arrived in Brisbane in a cargo boat. He had no parents, and only one brother far away in Canada, and as he wandered aimlessly about the dreary docks he was feeling very sorry for himself. Then he saw ahead the cheery entrance to the Brisbane Mission for Seamen, and he walked in. He found a supper party in progress, and one of the helpers, Mrs

A. J. Carpenter, who has gone to the Mission one night a week for 20 years to arrange these parties, made the lad feel at home. He had a wonderful time, and never forgot the kindness shown him by Mrs Carpenter. Every year since then, on Mother's Day, he has sent her a cable from whatever part of the world he happened to be in.

Now he is an officer on a big liner, and has seen to it that his adopted mother does some travelling too. A year ago he sent her the money for a sea trip from Brisbane to Perth and back, and the other day he paid for her fare to fly to Sydney to see him.

The Roman Wild Beast Show

IN Rome the hidden depths of the Colosseum have long been searched by Professor Giuseppe Cozzo, who has just completed his task of laying bare the hypogeum, where the gladiators assembled before the show. He has found the cages of the wild beasts, lions, tigers, and fierce boars, and the 32 cells for lifting them simultaneously to the floor of the arena.

The hungry beasts passed from their cages along a gangway three feet wide to the elevator cells, and could not turn back. Their cells were also about three feet wide, six feet long, and six feet

high. These cells were lifted 20 feet to the floor above by pulleys and counter-balancing weights.

When the animals came up into the light they were all let out at the same time, as a preliminary to the savage fights among themselves and with the gladiators, or martyrs, awaiting them. This frightful spectacle provided a Roman holiday for many years. It ceased more than 1500 years ago when a white-frocked Christian, Telemachus, stepped into the arena in 404 A.D. to denounce it, and paid with his life for his courage. But his protest stopped it.

Three Things New Under the Sun

INVENTION, it is safe to say, will never cease as long as mankind inhabits the earth. Many readers of the C N today will invent things of great use to the race within the next 25 years.

We have just read of three inventions by boys so simple that anyone might have thought of them.

One is a wide band of transparent rubber to slip over the wrist-watch to protect it when gardening, filling sand-bags or washing-up.

Another is a triangular three-pronged drawing-pin enabling the draughtsman to work to the very edge of the paper, if need be.

The third is a couch, carpet, and curtain protector in the form of a claw-sharpener for kittens. This is a small post, covered with bits of stout carpet scented with catmint. If Puss can exercise herself on this attractive object, she is no longer interested in new damask curtains.

No More Coffee Nonsense

Brazil produces much of the world's coffee; in fact it has grown far more than its sales in recent years.

The unsold coffee has often been thrown into the sea to keep up the price to a level at which the planters can make a profit—a mad way of doing business, yet only what we ourselves do when we have too much fish on our hands and our dealers insist on keeping up the price.

News comes from Rio de Janeiro of better ways of mastering this trouble. A method has been worked out by a North American chemist for extracting from the superfluous coffee the drug caffeine and the oil. These products can find a ready market, and what is left is a resinous mass which can be made into a plastic material. The cost price of this is low enough to ensure its sale on the world's markets.

A factory is now being built not far from Rio, which we hope will replace the deplorable nonsense of the past by the good sense of the future.

Moscow's Coat of Many Colours

Here is a piece of interesting news from Moscow with no political significance.

It concerns an old coat now on exhibition in the State Historical Museum in that city. The coat was found in a tomb in the Altai Mountains in Siberia, and for 75 years has been kept in the storerooms of various museums as an interesting mass of petrified leather, probably 2000 years old, and preserved only because it had lain in frozen ground.

Two years ago, however, a method was found of restoring and softening the leather, and the coat proved to be ermine, dyed in various colours and adorned with 8000 gilded wooden buttons—obviously a coat for festive occasions long ago.

It took six months to restore, and now it is proudly exhibited as one of the rarest specimens of a leather coat in the world.

Stooge of Sing Sing

This touching little story has just leaked out from behind the sinister walls of Sing Sing Prison, in New York.

The prison officials got the shock of their lives when they discovered they were harbouring an inmate who had no business to be there. He was a friendly little dog named Stooge.

It appears that a group of convicts had found a miserable puppy, half chow and half Scotch terrier, whose mother had died. The men threw discretion to the winds and resolved to adopt him. For nearly a year they managed to keep Stooge hidden from the warders, and with so many devoted masters, and such need for ingenuity and cunning, the little dog became highly intelligent and learned remarkable tricks. When his presence was discovered the officials found him such an engaging little fellow that they had not the heart to interfere, and gave his adopters permission to keep him!

600 Pigs

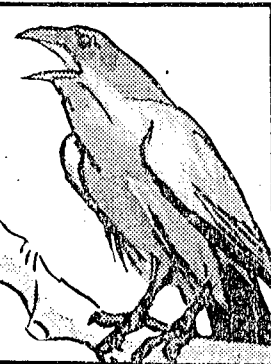
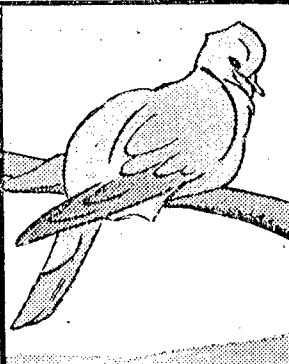
Mr Robert Hawking, a Yorkshire man of Boroughbridge, is rearing 600 pigs on waste.

He uses neither bran nor meal, but has six tanks capable of holding 3000 gallons of pig-swill, and from houses and shops and factories he gathers up so much waste that he can feed all his pigs on it. He claims that pigs fed on waste thrive better than pigs fed in other and more expensive ways, and his success in securing prizes indicates that he is right.

According to Mr Hawking all food waste can be turned into bacon: and so it should be.

C N STRIP

SIX BIRD SIMILES

Solitary as a swallow left behind
Joseph ConradHoarse as a raven
Charles ReadeHungry as a kite
Sir Walter ScottJoyous as a bobolink
John KeatsLonely as a crow in a strange country
ConradMild as a dove
Shakespeare

A Bird's Good Name

We have been studying some photographs which completely exonerate a bird that for many years has appeared in the small black list of birds.

It is the Little Owl, and its new champion is Mr Eric Hosking, the young naturalist attacked so cruelly by an owl a few years ago, when he lost the sight of one eye. But with the other eye, and with the lens of his magnificent camera, he has continued to wrest from Mother Nature the intimate secrets of her children, and some of these secrets he has given to us in a book of Intimate Sketches from Bird Life, for which Mr Cyril Newberry has given his help and Dr Julian Huxley has written an appreciation.

The book has 80 fine photographs, many of them remarkable, and the volume is published by Country Life at 5s. It is one of the best of the Country Life books.

Among the photographs are eight showing the Little Owl taking food to its young by night. The food was mainly cockchafer, but there was no morsel to which any farmer could object.

By his photographs Mr Hosking has confirmed the favourable report on the activities of this owl issued by the British Trust for Ornithology, and the bird leaves the court with a character as good as any of our native birds. We are glad of this, for the owl is associated with Pallas Athene, and was the emblem of ancient Athens. Within human memory it has made its way from Europe into this country and has settled down to stay, successfully defying the enmity of our farmers, who are bound now to regard it as a friend.

Among the other birds whose private lives are set forth here are the partridge; the wood pigeon, with astonishing photographs of the manner of feeding its chicks; the rare stone curlew, with the cock helping to brood the chicks; the grey wagtail beside the running brook; the pied flycatcher of Wales; the well camouflaged woodcock; and the buzzard.

The authors give valuable hints to all who wish to study or photograph birds; successful beyond expectation themselves, they are anxious that others should share their enthusiasm.

PETER SIMPLE'S QUESTION BOX

Why Has the Compass a Fleur-de-Lys?

It is usual on the card of a mariner's compass to mark the north by a fleur-de-lys, which is French for flower of the lily. This has been the practice in Europe for six centuries. The reason the fleur-de-lys came to be used for the purpose is that it was the heraldic badge of Charles of Anjou, King of Naples at the time Flavio Gioja improved the compass and made it indispensable to navigators. As a compliment to Charles, the inventor, who belonged to Naples, adopted the fleur-de-lys as the ornamental sign that should mark the north point in his improved compass.

What Colours a Red-Hot Poker?

Whenever the process of burning is in progress anywhere it is always accompanied by the production of a certain amount of heat, and usually a certain amount of light also. Burning is the union of some inflammable substance with a gas which allows of combustion. Any chemical substance, if its energy be

sufficient, may produce combustion, and whether the burned substance becomes luminous or not depends on the degree of heat and the composition of the substance burned. So that it is the energy of the chemical and physical actions which colours the poker, influenced by the matter of which the poker is made.

Why Does a Bishop Wear Gaiters?

As we know, an English bishop wears as part of his official costume knee-breeches and leggings. These leggings, or gaiters, are a relic of the dress a bishop wore in the days of long ago. The first mention we find in history of a bishop wearing leggings is in the twelfth century, but then they were of linen. Later on they came to be made of silk, and boots buttoned up the sides were worn. Gradually the present gaiter was evolved, and, having an ecclesiastical appearance owing to its association with bishops, its use was extended to deans and archdeacons, who still look picturesque figures in gaiters just as a bishop does.

A Little Dark Man Calling

In a London club where students from Africa meet for tea and talk, a little man with a dark skin and greying hair told a strange story to a friend of the C N the other day.

He is a missionary teacher, and is no longer young; but even when he was a child, one would imagine, slavery was a dark chapter passing from human memory. Yet this elderly Negro, a man of high culture speaking perfect English, saw his sister carried into slavery.

He does not know where it happened, but it was somewhere in Angola, which is Portuguese West Africa. He does not know how it happened, but the slave-traders had been busy all over the north, east, and west coasts of Africa for centuries, and the British Navy was still hunting the slave dhows in Arabian and East African waters. As for West Africa, the Slave Coast is still the name used for the shores of Upper Guinea as far as Benin River.

It was somewhere here, about 50 years ago, that the terrible event happened. The cultured teacher of today was then a child, living with his own tribe until the dark hour when the slavers came swooping down.

Perhaps he was too small for them, but, for whatever reason, they left him and took his sister, of whom he has never heard since. It was his good fortune to be rescued by a kindly Portuguese husband and wife, missionaries, who were due to go on leave and took him off with them as far as Madeira. Arrived at Funchal, the capital of the lovely island, they walked into a fashionable hotel, much frequented by British visitors, and inquired if anyone there would care to adopt a black baby.

Sure enough, an English lady offered to do so. She brought the piccaninny home with her, cared for him, educated him, and he became a scholarly man, who devoted himself to training other men of his race in Nigeria.

Today he can look back upon an honourable and useful career. The tragedy which took his sister out of his young life was the making of his good fortune; but to him, though he cannot remember the sister he lost, the experience remains an abiding tragedy.



THE SHINGLE SLEDGE

A tractor-drawn sledge used for transporting New Zealand soldiers across the shingle at a firing range on the coast somewhere in England

To Make Us Better Known In Pharaoh's Land

It is a commonplace that we in these islands that have done so much for the world take little pains to make ourselves known to other nations.

We have the best story in the world to tell and do not tell it. We have the loveliest country on the earth to live in and do little to make its beauty known to others. We have ten thousand towns and villages with something old or beautiful or historic to show, or with something to live in history, yet even our own people care little about it all, and it is only now that there is being completed the first modern Domesday Book which brings together all this rare wealth of England's Countryside. All the more grateful are we, therefore,

to friends of this country far away who have just brought out a little magazine to make our land a little better known. The magazine is called The Iskandrian, from the Arabic name of the seaport founded by Alexander, and is the magazine of the British Evening Institute at Alexandria, opened last year to reflect that desire for a better understanding of English literature and culture which the British Council was established to supply.

Among the articles in the magazine are summaries of lectures on Dr Johnson, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Sir Walter Scott, and Robert Owen which must have delighted the 500 students who heard them. Those who think the olden

days were better than these will be interested to read two sentences in these lecture-summaries—that Sir Walter Scott spent the last years of his life paying off his debts, and that Sheridan died deserted by all his friends and surrounded by bailiffs sitting on the furniture.

The British Evening Institute in Alexandria is one of the good things fostered by the British Council established in London five years ago at the suggestion of our Foreign Office, with the object of making the life and thought of the British peoples more widely known abroad; and of promoting the exchange of knowledge and ideas with other peoples. Lord Lloyd is Chairman of the British Council, and it is his energy

which has brought into existence this excellent centre of education and culture for the Egyptians.

We wish long years of prosperity to the institute and its magazine, a long life of peace and tranquillity to both in that land which has given so much to civilisation in its long history. It promises well, if we are to judge from the photographs of the groups of its members, from the brightness and dignity of its little magazine, and from the newspapers and periodicals lying on its reading tables. Among these papers are three of what we consider characteristic examples of the English spirit as found in Fleet Street: The Times, Punch, and the C N.

GIN FOR THE GOLD COAST

What Are We Doing?

In a single issue of The Times two interesting short letters appeared on the same page, one dealing with Milk, the other with Gin.

The letter on Milk, from an M.P., suggested that our airmen, who now get half a pint of milk a day, should receive a pint, the point being that milk, with its plenty of Vitamin A, wards off many serious ills, including night-blindness.

The letter on Gin called public attention to the fact that in December the Government authorised the importation of 150,000 imperial gallons of that noxious fluid into the Gold Coast, thus breaking an agreement made in 1931 (at the request of the native chiefs) that the imports of spirits should be reduced year by year until in 1940 they ceased.

We should like to think the Government has been recalled by this letter to its plain duty to prevent the consumption of this degrading spirit in the Gold Coast. We are fighting a war for the sacredness of agreements, and even the sacredness of Gin hardly seems to justify our betraying our own cause.

The Plane in the Street

Los Angeles is still talking about the heroic act of Pilot Lawrence Shapiro, who, when forced to land his aeroplane in a city street, swerved and risked death rather than hit a cyclist in his path.

The young airman and a passenger were 3000 feet above the city when the engine stopped. It was raining cats and dogs and the pilot could see only a few hundred feet. The obvious thing to do was to glide to safety; and all went well until they were about to land in an apparently empty street. Then they saw a girl cyclist ahead of them.

There was not a second to lose. The pilot swerved to one side and the plane crashed through a fence and turned over. The girl ran up, and was greatly relieved when both men climbed out unhurt.

All Lancashire in One Volume

Arthur Mee's Lancashire. Hodder and Stoughton, 7s 6d.

... this lovely and compelling book. As a busy writer I know of no book on Lancashire that can compare with it.

Here there is a difference which makes Arthur Mee's Lancashire invaluable to the busy writer, and a book I should be proud to include among what I call the tools of my craft. It is a book of which Lancashire will be justly proud. The marvel to the reader is how so encyclopedic a mass of detail has been compressed within the limits of the volume.

One might as well hope to describe in a column or so the thousand and one marvellous details of a super-dread-nought as attempt to review a book like this, where every page siren you to stay, lingering to catch the unfolding of its magical story. Western Telegraph

At the Wrong Pole

Their country having so far escaped the war, Italian caricaturists have been making some fun of those who are in it.

One of them not unnaturally takes the long pause before the Maginot and Siegfried Lines for a topic, and shows the British as having gone so far in their mining operations in the earth that, as one of them says, we have missed our object. The men have come up, tools in hand, in sight of the North Pole.

But the artist himself has wandered as well; he shows penguins and Eskimos in his Arctic scene. There are penguins from the Equator down to the Antarctic, but none north of it, so penguins and Eskimos, belonging to different hemispheres, never meet.

A Cycle Ride in China

BY THE YOUNG MAN ON THE WHEEL

This letter comes to us from Horace Holder, a young Friend who went to West China four years ago. He lives quite alone, and for a long time has not had any English people near him. Now he says that he has talked so much Chinese that he sometimes finds it difficult to find the right English word when he does meet English people.

THERE was to be a conference at a small country town called Tai Ho Tsen, and I decided I would go. The distance is only about 40 miles, so I thought I would cycle along the new motor road.

For the first few miles out of Suining (my home town) all went well; then I kept on striking bad patches of road, long stretches of muddy waste, with mud such as only the province of Szechwan can boast. My back wheel was all the while clogged up, and the mud caked between brakes and mudguard.

The Straw-Filled Tyre

After I had gone about a third of the way I got a dreaded puncture, and as the tyre sank so did my heart, for I had no repair outfit.

But I was not a Boy Scout for nothing! Why not tie the inner tube each side of the burst, as one ties balloons? This I did, and it worked! For several miles I pedalled along; but then came another puncture, and I thought there was no hope but to walk.

Brainwaves, fortunately, do not come alone, and I got another idea. Why not stuff the outer-cover with straw? I found some straw, filled the outer-cover, and managed to fit it on to the wheel again. I must confess that it soon squashed rather flat and that it was rather sticky going over the muddy surface of the road, but it worked!

I staggered into a village at dusk, with many more miles to go, and as I was eating a sympathetic shopkeeper offered to repair my tyre! This was astonishing. After an hour and a half the repairs were done, but it was now very dark. On I pushed. The long winding road over hills and across wild stretches of country without a single cottage was full of dangers.

Once I found myself pedalling through a beanfield, and had the very hardest job to regain the road. Once I went headlong down a steep precipice, cycle and all, where a bridge was broken. When I picked myself up I had so lost my sense of direction that I could not tell which way I was going, and there was no way of discovering. After many miles I called up a farmer to make sure of my direction, and at eleven o'clock I

reached the town where the conference was to be held.

The city gates had been locked, and I called loudly and long outside the South Gate, but, like Walter de la Mare's Traveller, I found nobody there. I wandered round the city wall, and continued wandering till I came to the next gate, where I called again in vain. Another pudgy trudge under the massive wall brought me to the West Gate, but still with no result. A beggar urged me to try the next gate, and off I trotted, but though I raised my voice there was no response, so I decided to get into one of the mud inns that straggle outside the gates. I called at house after house in the dark, but kept on hearing muffled voices from within, "Try farther up."

I began to despair, and tried to find a suitable step on which to cuddle for the night; then I remembered that there was one more gate to try, and I circled the wall again. When I got to the gate I was relieved to see a chink of light. The watchman was still around. I pleaded the Hospital of Wide Benevolence (name of the Friends Hospital at Suining), and was full of relief to hear the clank of keys. The last hope had been worth while. Rose Tebbutt was, I knew, at the Meeting House, and it was easy to go round and be welcomed.

Two Prime Ministers Lost to the Empire

It will be long before New Zealand forgets Mr Savage, the first Prime Minister lost to the Empire since the war began, but the second in the last twelve months in Australasia, for both our Southern Dominions have lost their premiers in this short space of time, Australia and New Zealand too.

The crowning contribution of Mr Savage to a happy Dominion was the remarkable Social Security Act described in the C.N. not long ago, giving pensions of thirty shillings a week at 60, and setting up free medical and hospital treatment everywhere. It was under his premiership that the New Zealand workers obtained a minimum wage and the farmers a guaranteed price for produce; and throughout New Zealand he established a 44-hour working week.

He was the first Labour Prime Minister in New Zealand, and twice led his party to victory at the polls; and he was a man of the highest character, rising to the highest post in the Dominion entirely by his own efforts.

WHY DOES A HOUSE STAND STILL?

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. Forgive me if I seem stupid. The other day, going home to our house on the hill, it suddenly struck me that it was wonderful that I should find it exactly where I left it! Was I stupid?

Man. Not so stupid, but rather wise, to wonder about it. The wise man wonders about things all his life, for nothing is simple; nothing is obvious. The man who says "that is perfectly obvious!" shows that he does not realise the complications of existence. Go on wondering about all you see. It is remarkable that we should find a house where we left it a day ago, for all the universe is in rapid movement.

Boy. That is why I wondered. I have heard vaguely about the Earth moving around the Sun, how our globe revolves on its axis, and how the Sun sweeps through space. All these marvellous movements go on continually, yet we can depend on a house staying where we built it.

Man. Yes, and think of the rate of these movements you speak of. A point on the Earth at the Equator travels 25,000 miles in a day because of the Earth's rotation. Then the Earth travels in an ellipse around the Sun at an average distance of about 93 million miles, so that in a year it travels in its orbit some 575 million miles. As it does the annual journey in 365 days, we and our houses are moving through space at the rate of over 1,500,000 miles a day. Then the entire Solar System, as a unit, is moving through space at an enormous but unknown speed.

Boy. So that my house is moving in three ways at once? It is turning round with the Earth's rotation; it is circling round the Sun while rotating; and also the Sun is dragging it through space. What holds the Solar System together?

Man. The unexplained force we call Gravitation—the attraction which all particles of matter have for each other. The Earth cannot fly from the Sun because the Sun's pull keeps it to its orbit. Your house cannot move from its site because it is pulled down by the mass of the Earth. You have to obey that same pull; if you try to jump off the Earth you are quickly pulled down again by its great mass.

Boy. The bigger the object the greater its pull?

Man. Yes, but you must take distance into account. If the distance between two objects is doubled the attraction between them is diminished not twice but four times. It was Sir Isaac Newton who first noticed that.

Boy. That is what happens, but does anyone know why?

Man. No; the reason why remains a mystery.

Boy. So that no one really knows why my house stands pat on the hill?

Man. No, and so you were right to wonder. Keep on wondering. If everyone wondered about things, how much knowledge we might discover!

A Million Milk Bottles Lost a Month

There are 250 million milk bottles in use in this country, roughly five bottles for every man, woman, and child.

To make this extravagance worse, 13 million of these bottles are lost every year, a quarter of a million every week. Organisations exist to collect, sort, and return the strays to their owners, but each day throughout the year more than 35,000 milk bottles disappear nobody knows where.

Serious in peace, the loss is intolerable in time of war, and the Minister of Food asks us all to return every milk bottle to the dairyman. It is a crime not to do so.

BEDTIME CORNER

GOD be in my head,
And in my understanding;
God be in my eyes,
And in my looking;
God be in my mouth,
And in my speaking;
God be in my heart,
And in my thinking;
God be at mine end,
And at my departing.

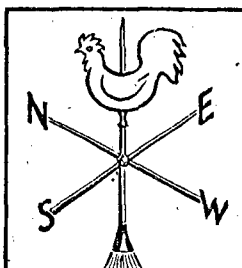
REARRANGE these letters to form a girl's name: LENL.

112N

A DYING farmer told his sons that he was leaving them his fields, his only fortune, in equal shares. "But on no account let this land pass out of your hands, for whatever treasure I possess lies somewhere within a foot of the surface." The sons, thinking the father had spoken of buried money, dug carefully over

every inch of the ground. They found no treasure, but their zealous digging produced some splendid crops, so they were well rewarded.

Prosperity comes from hard work.



Baby Picture Puzzle

What is wrong here?

South and West are in the wrong places

Do You Know

Who sat on a tuffet, and what sat down beside her?

A spider. A little Miss Muffet.

BE with me, Lord, through the night that is coming and give me good sleeping and good waking, that I may be tomorrow true in all things and able to do Thy will. Amen

April 13, 1940

The Children's Newspaper

II

PETER'S PAUL

A Complete Short Story, by T. C. Bridges

PETER CARNE finished his breakfast. He had saved some pieces of bread and some of his porridge and milk, and these he mixed in his porridge plate.

"Here you are, Paul," he said, as he laid the plate on the floor.

Paul was a rough-haired terrier. He had very bright, intelligent eyes, a thick coat, white with tan markings, and a tail that had never been docked and which curled cockily as a terrier's tail should curl.

The door opened and a young man came in. He had a hard, square face, thin lips, and eyes that were like pale blue marbles. He was Andrew Meekin, Peter's cousin.

He looked at Peter and he looked at Paul. Two deep lines showed on his forehead.

"I have to feed you, Peter," he said in a harsh voice, "but I am not compelled to feed your dog."

Peter stood up stiffly.

"It doesn't cost you anything, Andrew. Paul is eating bits I saved from my own breakfast."

"He is eating food which I bought and paid for. I am not going to have it."

Peter's face went white but his eyes were steady. Years spent in the same house with Andrew had taught him to control his temper. He did not reply. His silence made Andrew still more angry.

"You'll get rid of that dog," he ordered. Still Peter did not speak.

Andrew lost his temper. "I mean it," he said viciously. "I'm going to the office now. If that dog is in the house when I come back I shall have it destroyed."

Peter's lip curled. The contempt in his face infuriated Andrew.

"I'll teach you to check me," he said, and swung his open hand at Peter's face.

Two things happened at once. Peter dropped flat on the floor, and the hand, missing him, swept the teapot from the table and sent it crashing across the room. Paul came with a rush and fixed his teeth in Andrew's calf.

Andrew howled with pain and rage, but before he could recover himself Peter had snatched up Paul and run out of the house.

Andrew, boiling with rage, had to wash the small wound that Paul had made in his leg and put iodine on. That stung badly, and Andrew vowed vengeance on both dog and master.

Peter's Decision

PETER and Paul had taken refuge at a neighbouring house where Mr Blakeney, a widower, lived with his son Bill, a slim chap with very bright blue eyes. Bill was Peter's great pal. He met him at the door.

"What's up?" he demanded. "I suppose it's Andrew again."

"He's going to kill Paul if he's in the house when he gets back from the office this evening. Paul and I are clearing out," Peter said calmly.

"Where to?"

"Haven't a notion, but I'm fed up."

"Don't be an ass," Bill said vigorously. "You'd starve."

"What else can I do?" Peter asked. "Andrew owns the place and everything."

"But he has to keep you. That was in your uncle Jocelyn's will."

"He hasn't got to keep Paul. And I've no money to pay for his grub."

Bill's face darkened.

"It's a shame. I can't think how your uncle came to make such a silly will. Everyone knows he liked you better than he did Andrew."

"But Andrew got some sort of hold over him and made him make that will. It's no good, Bill. I must go. I'll get a job as van boy."

Bill frowned. He was thinking hard.

"We can do better than that," he said presently. "Leave Paul here. Dad and I will take care of him and you can see him every day. Then you stick at home and make Andrew keep you. See he does it properly. Tell him you'll go to a lawyer if he doesn't. Dad's a solicitor, remember!"

Peter looked serious.

"You're a good pal, Bill, and Paul would be happy with you, but I don't know if I can stick Andrew much longer."

"Try, old chap. And you can always come over here when you're fed up with Denstone."

"You're jolly comforting, Bill," said Peter gratefully. "All right. I'll stick it a bit longer."

When Andrew came home that evening there was Peter, silent as ever, but no sign of Paul. Andrew wondered what had become of the dog, and at last curiosity got the better of him.

"Where's the dog?" he demanded.

"You told me to send him away. I have," Peter answered. That was all the satisfaction Andrew got.

Paul Disappears

PETER missed Paul desperately, yet it was some consolation to think that Paul was being well fed and looked after and that next morning, when Andrew had left, he and Bill and Paul could go off for a long walk. He got down to breakfast early next morning, and had almost finished before Andrew, who was always late, appeared. Andrew greeted the boy with a scowl.

"I'm sending you to Croppins at the end of these holidays," he told him.

"Uncle said I was to go to Clifton," Peter stated.

"I don't care what he said. It wasn't in his will."

Peter was boiling. Croppins was a cheap and nasty little private school which had a bad reputation. Peter knew that this was spite on Andrew's part.

"I'll go to the Council School," he said, and walked out of the room. He went straight to the Blakeney's house. At the gate he met Bill, and Bill was looking scared.

"Paul's gone," he said. "I've been looking for him ever so long. He bolted when I let him out before breakfast. Did he come to you?" Peter went rather white.

"I haven't seen him," he said.

"I'm sure he's over at your place," Bill said quickly. "Has Andrew left?"

"Must have by this time. Come on."

"I can't, Peter. I have that scholarship exam—the holiday one."

"I'd forgotten. But it's all right. I'm certain Paul is somewhere in the garden. He'd run back of course the minute he was loose, then, when he couldn't get in, would go hunting rabbits in the shrubbery."

Peter spoke confidently, but when he got back to Denstone and found that Paul was not in the garden he was not happy. He plunged into the shrubbery, calling for the dog, but getting no answer.

Denstone was an old house, and was built on the site of one even older. The grounds covered four acres. There were lawns and flower beds in front, now looking very neglected. The vegetable garden was on a slope to the South and was protected from North winds by what was called the shrubbery, but which was actually a wood.

This wood came up to the back of the house and had been Peter's playground ever since the time when, as a very small boy, he had lost both his parents in a railway accident and gone to live with his Uncle Jocelyn. His uncle had always been kind to Peter, and Peter had been happy enough until the arrival of Andrew Meekin. Andrew was the son of Mr Carne's sister, and his uncle had taken him on as junior partner in his London office.

Minute after minute passed without any sight or sound of his dearly loved Paul, and when a quarter of an hour had passed and there was still no sign of him Peter was in a real panic.

At last, having searched every bit of the wood, he came up quite close behind the house. Here was a tall ivy-clad wall and a belt of laurels. Peter plunged into the laurels. They were so thick and matted he could hardly force his way through, and presently he was stuck altogether. It was at this moment that he heard a faint whine.

"Paul!" he called, excitedly.

The whine came again. It seemed to come from right under his feet. He plunged about, breaking off small branches so as to get a view.

At last he saw it—a hole in the ground quite close under the wall of the house. It was so small it seemed impossible that

Paul could have got down it, yet, when Peter lay flat on his stomach and looked down, there were Paul's eyes glowing in the gloom.

"All right, old lad! I'll have you out," he cried, and rushed to the tool-shed. He was back in two minutes with spade and pick, and set furiously to work.

The spade rang on something hard, and Peter found that the hole ran in under the side of a big flat stone. The ground was full of roots, but Peter was strong and eager.

It was not long before he had uncovered the stone. He rammed the pickaxe under it and levered with all his might. The stone came crunching up, and Peter was looking down into a pit about six feet deep with bricked sides. He swung down and snatched up Paul, who licked his face furiously and wagged his tail with equal vigour.

"You silly old idiot!" said Peter, hugging the dog; and then there was a crunch, and Peter felt himself falling.

The next minute he was lying on a heap of broken masonry. A cloud of dust nearly blinded him, and all he knew was that Paul was still in his arms. The dust cloud cleared, Peter got back his breath and scrambled to his feet. He was bruised all over but not badly hurt.

He found himself in a passage which seemed to lead straight in under the house. Light leaked down from the opening above and Peter saw brick steps. It seemed to him that this had been a way in from outside and that someone had blocked it with a thin layer of brickwork. It was this that had given way and let him through.

Peter had matches. He struck one and moved slowly along the passage. It was damp and dirty, but the roof was sound and the air seemed all right. A few steps brought him into a cellar.

There were cellars all under the house, but Peter did not remember seeing this one. It looked very old. The walls were of great blocks of stone, and the floor too was stone. He decided it must be part of the old house. Paul sniffed about cautiously.

Peter's match went out; he struck another, and the small flame showed him a stone bench against the opposite wall, and on it a small metal box japed in black. This was not ancient anyhow, and he hurried across and picked it up.

There was a door to the right, but this was locked, so, carrying the box, and followed by Paul, Peter went back along the passage and scrambled up the broken steps. He lifted Paul out, then pitched up the box, and climbed up the shaft.

Now there was light enough to examine the box. It was an ordinary deed-box and almost new. Peter examined it with the keenest interest, and saw that it had initials painted on it.

P. C. They were his own initials!

He tried to open it but it was locked. He did not hesitate, but, tucking the box under his arms, went straight off to the Blakeney's house.

Moving Day

MR BLAKENEY was at home. He listened quietly to Peter's story.

"Your initials," he said. "Then I think we are safe in opening it. Let's see if we can find a key."

No key was needed. He found a spring which, when pressed, shot the lid up. The box was stuffed with papers, and on top was a letter addressed to "Peter Carne."

"You'd better read it, Peter," said Mr Blakeney. This is what Peter read:

"My dear Peter. I am dying and have no time left to alter my will, which I now realise was unfair to you. So in this box I am placing Bearer Bonds to the value of some £7000 which Burly will hand to you after my death. You had better give the box to Mr Blakeney, who will look after the Bonds for you. The interest will be more than enough to keep you at Clifton or any good school he may suggest. Burly will put the box in safe keeping for the present, for I do not wish Andrew to know anything of this. Ever your affectionate uncle, JOCELYN CARNE."

"And Burly was killed," Peter gasped, as he handed the letter to Mr Blakeney. He read it and looked gravely at Peter.

"Your poor uncle! The fact was that he was afraid of Andrew. That is why he left you your share in this curious way. Burly, too, feared Andrew, and so hid the box in that forgotten cellar, and the very day after your uncle died he was run down by a lorry and killed." He paused and drew a long breath.

"Peter, you have to thank Paul for finding your fortune."

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